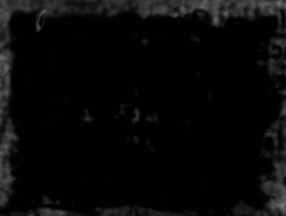


THE
QUEENES
ARCADIA.

A Pastorall Trago-comedie
presented to her Maiestie and
her Ladies, by the Vniversitie of
Oxford in Christ Church

in August 1607

1607



AT LONDON

Printed by G. Eld, for Iohn Warriner

1604.

THE OVERTURE

The names of the Actors,

Melibæus. } two ancient *Arcadians*.
Ergastus. }
Colax, a corrupted traveller.
Techne, a subtle wench of *Corinth*.
Anytas. } the lovers of *Cloris*.
Carinus. }
Cloris.
Palæmus. } jealous Lovers.
Silvia. }
Mirillus.
Derinda.
Amarillis, in love with *Carinus*.
Daphne, abused by *Colax*.
Agon, a Quack-silver.
Lucius, a Peevish man.
Montanus, the father of *Derinda*.
Amyntus, the father of *Cloris*.
Pyrophemus, the father of *Anytas*.



AT LONDON

1700

To the Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

THat which their zeale, whose onely zeale was bent
To shew the best they could, that might delight
Your royall minde, did lately represent
Re: named Emperesse to your Princely sight:

Is now the offering of their humblenesses
Here consecrated to your glorious name;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to blesse
So poore presentments, and to grace the same;

And though it be in th' humblest ranks of words,

And in the lowest region of our speech,

Yet is it in that kinde, as best accords

With ruyall passions, which use not to reach

Beyond the groues, and woods where they were bred

And best become a claustrall exercise,

Where men shut out, retir'd, and sequestred

From publicke fashion, seeme to sympathize

With modest, and plaine simplicitie:

And liuing here vnder the awful hand

Of discipline, and strict obseruance,

Learn to our weaknesse as to understand

And therefore dare not enterprise to shew

In louder stile the hidden mysteries,

And artes of Thrones, which vnder that are helde

The Sphers of action, and the exercise

Of power, can truly shew: though men may straine

Concepts aboue the pitch where it should stand,

And forme more monstrous figures then containe

A possibilitie, and goe beyond

The nature of those managements so farre,

As oft their common decencie they marre:

Whereby the populasse (in whom such skill

Is needlesse) may be brought to apprehend

Notions that may turne all to a taste of ill

What euer power shall do, or might intend:

to the **The Epistle** of T

And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done:
Tis the eye of practise, looking downe from his
Vpon such oyle-reaching vanitie,
Sees how from error & error it darts fote,
As from an unknowne Ocean int' a Gasse:
And how though th' Wolfe, would counterfeits the Goate,
Yet every thing betrays him for a Wolfe.

And therefore in the view of state's blame bound
A counterfeit of state, had been to light
A candle to the Sunne, and so bestowd
Our paines to bring our damnesse unto light.
For musicke, and power can nothing see
Without it selfe, that can fight worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble Arguments had birth,
Erect our Scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring,
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough they serue but for a spring,
The first sowe is the best in thinge as these
A musicke of this nature on this ground,
Is neuer wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royall goodnesse may raise us,
Grace but the Muses they will honour you.

Chl non fa, non falla.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

Actus primi. Scena. i.

Ergastus.

Melibæus.

Erg. **H**OW is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Countrey faire *Arcadia* so much changd
From what it was, that was thou knowst of late,
The gentle region of plaine honestie,
The modest seat of vndisguised trueth,
Inhabited with simple innocence:
And now, I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.

Mel. Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne
So vniuersall a distemperature,
In all parts of the body of our state,
As now there is; nor ever haue we heard
So much complaining of disloyaltie,
Amongst our younger Nimphes, nor ever found
Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,
As if there were no faith on either side.
We neuer had in any age before
So many spotlesse Nimphes, so much distaind
With black report, and wrongfull infamie,
That few escape the tongue of malice free.

Erg. And me thinkes too, our very ayre is changd,
Our holesome climate growne more maladine,
The fogget, and the Syrene offends vs more
(Or we made thinké so) then they did before.
The winde of Autumne, now are said to bring
More noysomnesse, then those do of the Spring.

And all of vs feel new infirmities,
 New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers,
 The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
 Hath either lost the nature, or we ours.

Mel. And we that neuer were accustomed
 To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see
Moutanus and *Acrissus* interstrue
 How farre their severall Sheep-walkes should extend,
 And cannot be agreed do what we can:
 As if some vnderworking hand strake fire,
 To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
 And foltred their contention and their hate.

Erg. And me thinkes too, the beautie of our Nymphes
 Is not the same, as it was wont to be.
 That *Rosie* hew, the glory of the Cheeke,
 Is either stolne, or else they haue forgot,
 To blush with shame, or to be pale with feare:
 Or else their shame doth make them alwayes blush,
 For alwayes doth their beauties beare one hew,
 And either Nature's false, or that vntrue.

Mel. Besides their various habits grow so strange,
 As that although their faces certaine are,
 Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
 And alwayes differing from themselves so far,
 As if they scorn'd to be the same they are.

And all of vs are so transform'd, that we
 Discerne not an *Arcadian* by th' attire;
 Our ancient Pastoral habits are dispild;
 And all is strange, hearts, clothes, and all disgild.

Erg. Indeed vnto our grieve we may perceiue,
 The whole complexion of *Arcadia* chang'd,
 Yet cannot finde th' occasion of this change:
 But let vs with more wary eye obserue
 Whence the contagion of these customes rise,
 Th' it haue infected thus our honest plaines,
 With cunning discorde, idle vanitie,

Arcadia.

Deceitfull wrong, and causelesse infamie,
That by th' assistance of our grauer Swaines,
We now at first may labour to present
The further course of mischiefs, and restore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.

Mel. Content *Ergastus*, and euen here will be
A place convenient for so fit a worke:
For here our Nymphes, and heardsmen on this Greene,
Do vsually resort, and in this Grove
We may obserue them best, and be vnsene.

Actus. 1. Scen. 2.

Colax. *Technus.*
Col. Come my deare *Technus*, thou and I must plote
More cunning proiects yet, more strange designs
Amongst these simple grosse *Arcadians* here,
That know no other world, but their owne plains,
Nor yet can apprehend the subtile traines
We lay, to mock their rurall ignorance.
But see, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
In hote contention, let vs close conuise
Our selues, here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouer-heare their passionate discourse.

Tec. *Colax*, this place well such a purpose fits,
Let vs sit close, and faith, it shall goe hard,
Vnlesse we make some profit by their wits.

Carinus. *Amynax.*

Ca. Now fond *Amynax*, how canst thou possesse
With such a vaine presumption, as thou art,
To thinke that *Cloris* should affect thee best,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?

The Queens

Am. And how *Cirrus* canst thou be so mad, jins
T' imagine *Cloris*, can, or doth loue thee.
When by so many signes, as I haue had,
I finde her whole affection bent to me.

Ca. What are those signes by which you come to cast,
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?

Am. More certaine signes, then thou canst euer shew.

Car. But they are more then signes, that I can shew.

Am. Why let each then produce the best he can,
To proue which may be thought the likeliest man.

Car. Content *Amintas*, and do thou begin.

Am. And I am well contented to begin.

First if by chance, whilst she at Barely-breake
With other Nymphes, do but perceine me come,
Streight lookes her cheek with such a Rosie red,
As giues the setting Sunne vnto the West.

When in errow tempests are prefigured,

Car. Even so that heu prognosticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee, the storming winds of sighes.

Am. And if I finde her, with her fellow Nymphes
Gathering of flowers by some sweete Rivers side,
At my approach she straight way stands vp right,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets slide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.

Car. So doth the fillie sheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedy Wolfe at hand.

Am. And if she meete but with my dog, she takes
And strokes him on the head, playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the back,
And sayes, come, come *Melampus* go with me.

Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.

Am. Whilst at a Chrystall spring the other day,
Shee was sit her lovely face, and seeing me come,
She takes vp water with her dainie hand,
And with a downe-cast looke besprinkles me.

Car. That shews that she would gladly quench in thee

Arcadia.

The fire of loue, or else like loue doth beare;
As did the *Delian* Goddess, when she cast
Disdainefull water on *Alcans* face.

Am. As *Siluis*, one day, sate with her alone,
Binding of certaine choice selected hearbes
To her least arme, against bewitching spels.
(And I at th' instant comming) she perceiv'd
Her pulse with farre more violence to beate
(As sh' after told me) then it did before.

Car. The like is felt when natures enemy,
The hatefull seauer, doth surprize our powers.

Am. And even but yester night, she going before
With other maides, and seeing me following her,
Lett fall this dainie Nosegay, having first
Bestowd a kisse thereon, so th' end I might
Receive it so, and wish it so the like.

Car. Poore withered flowers, they might teach thee
That she esteemes thee, and thy loue as light
As those dead flowers, she wore but for a show,
The day before, and cast away at night.

Am. Now friend *Carion*, thou that matterest so
At these plaine speaking figures of her loue,
Tell by what signes thou dost her fauours proue?

Car. Now filthy man, dost thou imagine me
So fond to blab the fauours of my loue?

Am. Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee and me?
Car. A pact to make thee tell thy secrecie.

Am. And hast thou then betrayd my easie trust,
And dallyed with my open simplenesse?

Car. And fild art thou seru'd, that so wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours, of a gentle Nimphe;
And this is that which makes vs feele that dearth
Of grace, & haue kindnesse at so hie a rate.
This makes them wary how they do bestow
The least regards of common courtlesse,
When such as you poore, credulous, delout,

The Queenes

And humble soules, make all things miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainely do conuert
All shadowes to the figure of your hopes.

Am. Carinus now thou doest me double wrong,
First to deride my easie confidence,
And then t'obrayd my trust, as if my tongue
Had here prophand faire *Cloris* excellence,
In telling of her mercies, or had sin'd
In vttring th' honour of a modest grace
Beltowing comfort, in so iust a case.

Car. Why man, thou hast no way deseru'd her loue.

Am. Desert I cannot yrge, but faith I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.

Car. But you know how I sau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, who had else vndone
Her honour vtterly; and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne Soueraigne in her thought.

Am. But how that free and vnsubdued heart,
Infranchis'd by the Charter of her eyes,
Will beare the imposition of a due

I do not see, since loue knew neuer Lord
That could command the region of our will.
And therefore yrge thy due, I for my part,
Must plead compassion, and a faithfull heart.

Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilst I will get thy loue,
For you kinde soules do seldome gracefull prone.

Am. The more vnkinde they, who should better way
Our honest vowes, and loue, for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their will.
And for the wrong they do, they speed as ill.

Scen. 3.

Colax. Techne.

Cal. Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who shall possesse a prey that's yet vngot.

But

Arcadia.

But *Techné*, I must by thy help forestall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilst they shall
Pursue the Aire, I must surpriſe their gaine.
And fitly now, thou maist occasion take
By these aduantages discovered here,
To impresse in *Cleris* tender heart that touch
Of deepe dislike of both their vanteries,
As may conuert her wholly vnto me.

Tec. Why will you then *Derinda's* loue forsake,
For whom you trauayld so, and made me take
Such labour to intice her to your loue?

Col. Tush *Techné* we desire not what we haue,
But what we would, our longings neuer stay
With our attainings, but they goe beyond.

Tec. And why? *Derinda* is as fayre as shee.

Col. That I confesse, but yet that payes not mee,
For *Cleris* is another, and tis that
And onely that, which *Techné* I desire.

Some thing there is peculiar, and alone
To euery beawtie that doth giue an edge

To our desires, and more we still conceiue

In that we haue not, then in that we haue.

And I haue heard, abroad where best experience,

And witt is learn'd, that all the fairest choyce

Of women in the world; serue but to make

One perfect beawtie, whereof each brings part.

One hath a pleasing smile, and nothing els.

Another but some fillie Mole to grace

Th' area of a disproportion'd face;

Another pleases not but when shee speaks,

And some in silence onely graceful are:

Some till they laugh, we see, seeme to be fayre,

Some haue their bodies good, their gestures ill,

Some please in Motion, some in sitting still,

Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,

Some againe fayre that nothing louely are.

The Queenes

So that we see how beauty doth consist
Of diuers peeces, and yet all attract
And therefore vnto al my loue aspires,
As beauty varies, so doth my desires.

Tec. Ah but yet *Celax* doe not so much wrong
Vnto a Nymph, now when thou hast subdued
And wonne her heart, & knowest she holds thee deare.

Col. Tush wrong is as men thinke it, and I see
It keeps the world the best in exercise
That els would languish, and haue nought to doe
Discord in parts, makes harmonie in the whole:
And some must laugh, whilst others some condole.
And so it be not of the side we are,
Let others beare it, what need we to care?
And now *Dorinda* something hath to doe,
Now she may sit, and thinke, and vexe, and plot,
For ease, and ioying of her full delight
Would but haue dild her spirits, and marred her quite.

Tec. Alas yet I must pittie her, poor soule
In this distresse, I being on my selfe
Of that frayle corporation, and do know
That she will take it verie greuously.
And yet in troth sh is ferud but well inow,
That would neglect *Mirilla* honest loue,
And trust strange protestations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdie chothes.

Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* shall not waile alone,
She shal haue others to consort her mone:
For since my late returne from *Telas* Court
I hauemade twenty of their coyest Nymphes
Turne louers, with a few protesting words
And some choyce complementall periuries;
I made *Palamon*, to suspect the faith
Of his chaste *Siluis*, and chaste *Siluis* hit,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow

Made

Arcadia

Made to *Meneleas*, and I told her how
Those fetters which so heavily were layde
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But customary bandes, not naturall.

And I thinke *Techne* thou hast done thy parte,
Here, in this gentle region of kind heartes,
Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thru'st.

Tec In deepe whilst I in Corinth did remaine,

I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were so many of my trade, that sold
Complexions, dressings, tiffanies and tyres,
Deuilers of new fashions and strange wiers
Bedbrokers, night wormes, and Compositors
That though I knew these arts as well as they
yet being so many we could get small pay.

Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?

Techne is sent for, *Tec* we onely shew
New strange deuices to the choycest Nymphes:

And I thinke *Techne* teaches them those tricks,
As they wil not forget againe in haste.

I haue so opened their vnapt conceits
Vnto that vnderstanding of themselves,

As they will shew in time they were well taught,
If they obserue my rules, and hide a fault.

Col Ah well done *Techne*, Thus must thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they must haue their chance.
But pray thee *Techne*, do not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adieu.

Tec Colax I will not, and the rather too,
For that I beare a little leaning loue
To Sweete *Amintas*, for mee thinkes he comes
The loueliest Shepheard all *Arcadia* yeeldes
And I would gladly intercept his loue.

Col For this other vice, which you saw

The Queenes

Scene. 4.

Altham. Ergastus.

Alth. So this it well. Here's one discovery made;
Here are the heads of that distemperature,
From whence this strange debailliment of our minnes
And vile deluding of our Shepheards Springs:
Here is a monster, that hath made his lustre
As wide as is his will, and leafe his will
Without all bound, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he mixe his owne desires fulfill,
And being all foule himselfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colas* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection which vndoos
His countrie goodnesse, and impoysons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite, at home.
Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
He hath out gone that native honestie,
Which here the breeding of his countrey gaue.
For here I do remember him a childe,
The sonne of *Nicogenus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High set, a man still practising
To aduance his forward sonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcturian* breed and still me thought
I saw a disposition in the youth,
Bent to a selfe conceived subtiltie,
With an insinuating impudence.
Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroad,
Where I would God he had remained still,
With those loose living wanton Sybarites,
Where luxurie hath made her outmost proofe.
From whence I heare he comes, and thence brings
Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.
And for this other viper, which you saw,

Aradia.

I doe remember how she came of late
For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
Our younger maides to dresse, and trie out Flax,
And vie the Distaffe, and to make a hem,
And such like skill being skill inough for them,
But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
In points of other science, different farre
From that plaine Arte of honest businesse,
And as it seemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Citties round about,
From whom she hath these strange disguises got
To abuse our Nymphes, and as it seemes desires
To sute their mindes, as light as their attires,
But we shall soone prevent this growing plague,
Of pride, and folly, now that she discry
The true symptoma of this maladic,
And by this ouerture thus made, we trust
We shortly shall discouer all the rest.

Actus 2. Scen. 1.

Silvia. Cloris.

Sil. O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft
Sate and bene mery, in this shadie Grove,
Here haue we sung full many a Rundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Nolegayer, laught at love,
And others passions, whilst my selfe was free,
From that Intollerable miserie,
Whereto affection now inuassells me.
Now *Cloris* I shall neuer more take ioy
To see, or to be seene, with mortall eye,
Now sorrow must be all my companie,
Cl. Why *Silvia*, whence should all this griefe arise?
Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that suffice.

The Quenes

Clor. Tell me, sweete *Silvia*, how comes that to passe & I

Sil. O *Clor*, if thou be, as once, I was
Free, from that miserable plague of Iouejam
Keepe thee so still, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power, to moue
Thy heart to liking, for beleene me this,
They are the most vnfaithfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth, neuer beleue
Their protestations, nor their vowes, nor teares,
All is deceit, none meanes the thing he swears,
Trust a mans faith, I may rather will I goe
And giue my selfe a prey to Saunge beasts,
For all they seeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs, and when that is done,
They goe and triumph on the spoile they haue wonne,
Trust men, or take compassion when they grieve,
O *Cloris* tis to chearish and relieue

The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warme
Will sting vs to the heart in recompence,
And ô no maruaile tho the Satyre shund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the same breath blow heat and cold.
Who would haue euer thought *Palamons* othes
Would haue prou'd false? who would haue iudg'd the
That promis'd so much faith, and honestie,
Had bene the visor but of treacherie?

Clor. Is't possible *Palamon* should b' vntrue?
Sil. 'Tis possible, *Palamon* is vntrue.

Clor. If it be so, deare *Silvia*, I thinke then
That thou saist truth, there is no trust in men,
For I protest I neuer saw a face
That promis'd better of a heart then his,
And if he faile, whose faith then constant is?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didst but know how long
And with what earnest suite, he sought my loue,
What vows he v'd, what othes, what teares among

What

Aeneas T

What shewes he made, his constantie to pursue
 You would admire, and thus he saith to me
 How I although I lov'd him with my heart
 Stood out, and would by no means be
 To shew the least affection of my part
 For I had heard that, which I now too well
 I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
 Regard the thing that easily was got.

Clas. *Silvia*, indeed and I have heard so too.

Sil. And therefore I would trie him, and not seeme
 His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme,
 At length one day, here in this selfe same place,
 (Which I shall ever, and good cause I haue
 To thinke on whilst I live) walking with me,
 After he had vied me most earnestly,
 O *Silvia*, said he, since now othe, nor vow,
 Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the power to moue,
 Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
 How true a heart, I offer to thy love,
 I must trie some way else to shew the same,
 And make thy vndissembling willfull youth
 Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)
 Thy wayward error, and my constant truth:
 When thou must sigh, and lay in griefe of minde,
Palamon lou'd, and *Silvia* was unkinde,
 With that wringing my hand, he turnes away,
 And though his teares would hardly let him looke,
 Yet such a looke, did through his teares make way,
 As shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke:
 And vp towards yonder craggie Rock he goes,
 His armes incross'd, his head downe on one side,
 With such a mournfull face, as shew'd his woes
 Way'd heavier then his passions could abide:
 Faine would I haue recall'd him back, but shame,
 And modestie could not bring forth his name:
 And faine would I haue followed, yet me thought

The Queenes

It did not sit the honest of a inside
 To follow one, yet still I sent from mine,
 T'attend his going, faine, and a carefull eye
 At length when he was gotten to the top,
 I might perceine how with vnfolded armes,
 And lookes bent vp to heauen, he stands, and turnes
 His wofull face vnto the other side,
 Whereas that hidious, fearefull downfall is
 And seem'd as if he would haue throwne him off
 And as I thought, was now vpon the point
 When my affrighted powers could hold no more,
 But pittie breaking all those bands of shame,
 That held me back, I shrieked, and ran, God knows,
 With all the speed my feeble feete could make,
 And clammering vp at length (with much ado)
 Breathlesse I got, and tooke him by the hand,
 And glad I had his hand, and was not come
 Too late to haue it, and I puld him backe,
 But could not speake one word, no more did he,
 Sense seem'd to faile in him, and breath in me,
 And on before I went, and lead him on,
 And downe conducted him into this plaine,
 And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,
 Looke *Clarke* there, euen in that very place,
 We fate vs downe, my arme about his necke,
 Which *Ioue* thou knowe held neuer man before,
 There onely did my soares conferre with his,
 Words we had none, it was enough to thinke,
 For passion was too busie now within,
 And had no time to come abroad in speech,
 And though I would haue spoken, yet we thought
 I should not, but my silence told him this,
 That tolde too much, that all I was was his.
Cl. Well *Silua*, I haue heard so sad a tale,
 As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
 And that by nature we must be expos'd

Vnto

Arcadia.

Vnto the mercie of your countess men.
 But what slide then? *Palmer* in the end
Sil. Oh what he said and what deepe vowes he made,
 When ioy and griefe had in his fancies loofe.
 Witnes o gentle tree vnder whose shade,
 We fate the while, wimes if euer maye
 Had more assurances by oath of man.
 And well may you beare witness of this doo,
 For in a thousand of your bakes he hath
 Incar'd my name, and vnder mine his vowes,
 Which will remaine so long as you beare flowers?
 But, *Cloris*, learne this lesson now of mee;
 Take heed of pittie, pittie was the cause
 Of my confusion, pittie hath vndone
 Thousands of gentle natures in our sexe,
 For pittie is sworne feilant vnto loue,
 And this be sure, where euer it begin
 To make the way, it lett your minde
Cl. But what all that he sayes of me, I know
 It may be you suspect him, without cause
Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause
 He who beheld him wrong mee in these woods,
 And heard him court me, *Nice*, and protest
 As deepe to me, as he had done to me,
 Told me of all his wicked treachery.
Cl. Pray who was that? I know not, I know
Sil. Why it was *Cloris*, and I know full well
 would not report vnto her to game the world,
 A man of vertue, and of worthy partes,
 He told me all, and more then I will shew,
 I would I knew not halfe of that I know.
 Ah had he not, but *Nice* that hee shall
 The scorne and iest of all *Arcadia* now,
 To serue his lusts, and falsifie his vowes,
 Ah had it yet bene any of the toliche
 Of my disgrace, had euer hee so much
 And euer where I went, still in my way,

The Queenes

But to be leaft for fuch a one as this,
 The ftale of all, what will folke thinke of me
Cloris in troth, it makes me fo much loath
 My felfe, loath thefe woods, and euen hate the day,
 As I muft hide my griefs out of the way,
 I will be gone, *Cloris*, hie thee here,
 I cannot ftay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
 Pity thy poore companion *Siluid*, care,
 And let her fortune make thee to beware
Clor. *Siluid* adieu, the Gods relieue thy woe,
 Since men thus faile, and loue do pittie fhew,

Scen. 2.

Cloris. Alone.

Clor. Loue I may, pine taught for louing whilst I liue,
Siluid, thy counsell hath lockt vp my heart
 So fitt from love, as from a figh, and grieue,
 And pine, and waile who will I for my paine
 Will pittie none of all this race of men
 I fee what fhower fo euer they pretend
 Their loue is neuer deadly none of thefe
 That languifh thus, haue diide of this difeafe
 That euer I could heare, Ife all do
 Reuer foone, that happen thus into
 And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
 They may endure, they are of stronger power,
 Better their hearts fhould ake, then they fhould hurt,
 Well had I not bene thus toeward to day,
 Out of all queftion, I had fhortly faide,
 Into the melting bathour of compaffion too,
 That tender pittie that doth raye with thus
 For fomething I began to fee, me thus to
 To moue within me, when I had it
Amoynt as walke, fo fitt, and fo pite,
 And euer where I went, ftill in my way,

Arcadia.

His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee,
Which well I saw, but would not seeme to see.
But now he hath his arrent, let him go,
Pittie shall neuer cure that heart of his
T'vndoo mine owne, the griefe is best where tis.

Tec. What *Gloris* al alone, now fie for shame,
How ill doth this become so faire a face,
And that fresh youth to be with out your loue?

Clo. Loue *Teche*? I haue here as many loues
As I intende to haue, whilst I haue breath.

Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer haue with mee,
For I know two at least possessors be
Of your kind fauors, as themselves doe boiste.

Clo. Boiste of my fauors, no man rightly can,
And other wise, let them say what they can.

Tec. No *Gloris* did not you the other night
A gallant nosegay to *Amintas* giue?

Clo. I neuer gaue him nosegay in my life.

Tec. Then trust me *Gloris* he doth wrong you much,
For he produ'd it there in open sight,

And vaunted to *Carinus* that you first,
Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him.

And tolde too, how faire gone you were in loue,
What passion you would vse, when he was by.

How you would iest with him, and wantonly
Cast water in his face, cal his dogge yours,

And shew him your affections by your eye,
And then *Carinus* on the other side,

He vaunts, that since he had redeemed you
Out of the satyres handes, he could command

Your loue and all, that you were truely his.
This and much more, I heard them I protest

Giue out of you, how truly you know best.
Clo. *Teche*, their idle talke, shal not vex me,

I know the ground I stand on, and how free
My heart, and how my owne liberty.

The Queenes

And if *Anytus*, had interpreted as he had in doo, all
 My looks according to his owne conceipt, *law* *that* *W*
 He hath in stooke the text, and he shall finde *was* *in*
 Great difference, twixt his comment, and my minde.
 And for his *Nofegay* I shall make me take *an* *o* *care* *T*
 More care hereafter how he scatter flowers.
 Let him preserve it well, and let him make *it* *in* *the* *ill* *wo* *H*
 Much of his gaires, he gets no more of ours.
 But thus had I bene sent, had I revealed.
 The least regards of common courtesie.
 To such as these: but I doe thank the Gods.
 I have refer'd me from that vanities word.
 For ever I suspected this to be.
 The vaine of men, and this now settles me.
 And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good.
 He did for me, he can but have againe.
 My hearty thanks, the payment for his paine.
 And that he shall, and ought in woman hood.
 And as for *Joan*, let him go, looke on her
 That sits, and grieues, and languishes for him.
 Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare,
 And sought his loue with many an wo full teare.
 And well deserves a better man then he,
 Though he be rich *Euphros* to her, and stands flaqued
 Much on his wealth, and his abilitie.
 She is wittie, faire, and full of modestie.
 And were she of my minde, the Father would
 Pull out her eyes, then that she would be seene.
 To offer vp for deare a sacrifice.
 To his wilde youth, that scornes her in that wise.
Tec. Cloris in troth, I like thy iudgement well.
 In not affecting of these home-bred Swaines,
 That know not how to manage true delight.
 Can neither hide their love, nor shew it right.
 Who would be troubled with grosse ignorance,
 That vnderstands not truly how to loue us.
 No.

Arcadia.

No *Claris*, if thou didst but know, how well
Thou art esteemed, of one that knowes indeed
How to obserue thy worth, and his owne wayes,
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With secrecie, and witte, in all assayes,
Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man.

Clo. What is this creature then you praise a man?

Tec. A man? yes *Claris*, what should he be else?

Clo. Nought else, it is enough he be a man.

Tec. Yea and so rare a man as euer yet

Arcadia bred, that may be proud she bred
A person of so admirable parts,
A man that knowes the world, hath scene abroad,
Brings those perfections that do truly moue,
A gallant spirit, an vnderstanding loue.
O if you did but know how sweete it were,
To come vnto the bed of worthinesse,
Of knowledge, of conceipt, where strange delights
With strange discourtes still shall intertaine
Your pleased thoughts, with fresh variety,
Ah you would loath to haue your youth confinde,
For euer more, betwene th' vnskillfull armes
Of one of these rude vnconceiuing Swaines,
Who would but seeme a trunk without a minde,
As one that neuer saw but these poore plaines,
Knowes but to keepe his sheepe, and set his filde,
Pipe on an Oaten Reece, some Rundelays,
And daunce a Morrice on the holydayes,
And so should you be alwayes sweetly sped
With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
But with this other gallant spirit you should
Be sure to ouerpasse that tediousnesse,
And that satiety which cloyes this life,
With such a variable cheerefulness,
As you will blesse the time I haue bene his wife.

Clo. What hath this man you thus commend a name?

The Queenes

Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name,
His name is *Colas*, and is one I sweare
Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
And oft, and many many times, God knowes,
Hath he with tender passion, talkt of you:
And said; Well, there is one within these woods
(Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nymphes
Mine eyes haue euer seene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceed them all.
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telas*, where I liu'd, nor all the Starres
Of *Greece* beside, could sparkle in my heart,
The fire of any heat but onely she.
Then would he stay, and sigh; and then againe
Ah what great pittie such a creature should
Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whose body doth deserue to be imbrac'd,
By the most mighty Monarch vpon earth.
Ah that she knew her worth, and how unfit
That priuate woods should hide, that face, that wit.
Thus hath he often said, and thus I say,
Obserue him when you will, you shall not see
From his hye forehead, to his slender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he.

Cl. *Techne*, me thinkes, the praises that you giue
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You say, 'twere good you kept him for your selfe.

Tec. I must not loue impossibilities,
Cloris, he were a most fit man for you.

Cl. For me? alas *Techne* you mone too late.

Tec. Why haue you past your promise? any yet?

Cl. Yes sure, my promise is already past.

Tec. And if it be, I trust you are so wise

To passe the same againe for your owne good.

Cl. No that I may not when it is once past.

Tec. No *Cloris*, I presume that wit of yours,

That

Arcadia.

That is so pierce, can conceiue how that
Our promise must not preiudice our good:
And that it is no reason that the tongue,
Tye the whole body to eternall wrong.

Clo. The tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commissioner allowd
By reason, and the will for the whole state,
Which warrants all it shall negotiate.

Tec. But prethee tell me to what rustlick Swaine
You pass'd your word to cast away your selfe?

Clo. No I haue pass'd my word to saue my selfe
From the deceiptfull ambitious periuices
Of treacherous men, and vowd vnto my heart,
Vntill I see more faith then yet I see,
None of them all shall triumph ouer me.

Tec. Nay then, and be no other wise tis well.

We shall haue other time to talke of this.

But *Clarie* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought the most conceited tyre,
The rarest dressing euer Nimph put on,
Worth ten of that you wear, that now me thinkes
Doth not become you, and besides tis stale.

Clo. Stale why? I haue not worn it scarce a moneth.

Tec. A moneth? why you must change the tyre a day.
Hold hither *Clarie* this was not well said,
Here is a fault, you haue not mended well
To make it take, or els it is your haste
To come abroad so soone into the Ayre.
But I must teach you to amend these faults,
And ere I shall haue done with you, I thinke
I shall make some of these inamored youtnes
To hang them selues, or else runne madde for loue.
But good let's trie this dressing I haue brought.

The Queenes

Scen. 3.

Palamon. Mirillus.

Pal. Mirillus did *Dorinda* ever vow,
Or make thee any promise to be thine

Mir. Palamon no she neuer made me vow,
But I did ever hope she would be mine.

For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,

And had secur'd her of my constant troth,
Vnder so many faithfull specialties,

As that although she did not graunt againe,
With any shew the acquittance of my loue,

Yet did she ever seeme to intertaine
My affections, and my seruices (approoue,

Till now of late I knowe not by what meane,
(Ill fate that meane) she grew to that disphe,

As she not onely cloy'd her fauours cleane,
But also scorn'd to haue me in her sight.

That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,
But onely that she will not be belou'd.

Pal. If this be all the occasion of thy griefe,
Mirillus, thou arte then in better case.

Then I suppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cause too, being in the state thou art.

For if thou didst but heare the historie
Of my distresse, and what part I haue shar'd

Of sad affliction, thou wilt then soone see
There is no miserie vniuersally compar'd.

For all Arcadia, all these hills, and plaines,
These founts and woods, and euery Christall spring,

Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleere a heart, how cleere a faith

Palamon loued *Siluester*, and how long.

And

Aradia

And when consum'd with griefe, and dind with care,
 Even at the poynt to sacrifice my life,
 Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,
 And was content for ever to be mine;
 And gave me assurance ynderneath her hand,
 Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiv'd,
 And witness'd with many a lovely kisse,
 That I thought sure I had attained my blisse.
 And yet (aye me) I got not what I got.
Silvia I have, and yet I have her not.

Mir. How may that be, *Palomus* pray thee tell.

Pal. O know *Mirilla*, that I rather could
 Runne to some hollow cave, and burst and die
 In darknes, and in horror, then unfold
 Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infame.
 But yet it will abroad, her impudencie
 will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
 And fill the wide and open mouth of fame.
 So full, as all the world shall know the same.

Mir. Why what is *Silvia* false, or is she good?

Pal. *Silvia* is false and I am quite yndone.

Mir. Ah out alas! who ever would have thought,
 That modest looke, so innocent a face,
 So chaste a blusht, that shamefast countenance,
 Could ever have told how to wantonise?
 Ah what shall we poore lovers hope for now
 Who must to win, consume, and having wonne
 With hard and much adoe, must be yndone?

Pal. Ah but *Mirilla*, if thou didst know who
 Is now the man, her choyse hath lighted on,
 How wouldst thou wonder for that passe all,
 That I abhorre to tell: yet tell I shall,
 For all that would will shortly know 'sto well.
 It is base *Thyrsu* that wild hare-braine youth
 Whom every milkmaid in *Aradia* scornes;
Thyrsu is now the man with whom she walles.

Alone

The Queenes

Alone, in thickets, and in groves remote,
Thyrsis is all in all, and none but he,
With him the dallies vnder every tree.
Trust women? ah *Mirilla*, rather trust
The Summer windes, the Ocean's constancie,
For all their substance is but leenie
Light are their wanning wailes, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their desires:
Let them lay on what censure they will
Vpon themselves, of modestie and shame,
They cannot hide the woman with the same.
Trust women? ah *Mirilla*, rather trust
The false deuouring Crocodiles of Nile,
For all they worke is but deceit and guile.
What haue they but is faine? their haire is faine,
Their beauty faine'd, their stature faine'd, their face,
Their iesture, motion, and their grace is faine'd,
And if that all be faine'd without, what then
Shall we suppose can be sincere within?
For if they do but weepe, or sing, or smile,
Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile.
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Consists but in the out-side of a face.
O loue and beautie, how are you ordain'd
Like vnto fire, whose flames taste of delight,
But if you be imbrac'd consume vs quight?
Why cannot we make at a lower rate
A purchase of you, but that we must giue
The treasure of our hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought so dearely for all that?
O *Silvia* if thou needs wouldst haue bene gone,
Thou shouldst haue taken all away of thee,
And nothing least to haue remain'd with me,
Thou shouldst haue carryed hence the portraiture
Which thou hast left behinde within my heart,
Set in the table-frame of memory,

That

Arcadis.

That puts me full in mind of what thou wert,
 Whilst thou wast honest, and thy thoughts were pure,
 So that I might not thus in every place,
 Where I shall set my carefull foote, conferre
 With it of thee, and euermore be told,
 That here late *Silvia* underneath this tree,
 And here she walkt, and leant vpon mine arme,
 There gathred flowers, and brought them vnto me,
 Here by the murmur of this rustling spring,
 She sweetly lay, and in my bosome slept,
 Here first she shew'd me comforts when I pin'd,
 As if in every place her foote had slept,
 It had least *Silvia* in a print behind.
 But yet, & these were *Silvia*'s images,
 Then whilst her heart held faire, and she was chaste,
 Now is her face all fullied with her fast,
 And why are not those former prints defac'd?
 Why should she hold still in the forme she was,
 Being now deform'd, and not the same she was?
 O that I could *Mirtilles* lock her out
 Of my remembrance, that I might no more
 Haue *Silvia* here, when she will not be here.
Mir. But good *Pelesmon*, tell what proofes hast thou
 Of her disloyalty, that makes thee show
 These heauie passions, and to grieve so much?
Pal. *Mirtilles*, proofes, that are alar too plainey,
 For *Colax* one thou know'st can well obserue
 And iudge of loue, a man both staid, and wise,
 A gentle hearted man, out of loue, and care
 He had of me, came and reported all,
 And how he saw them diuers times alone,
 Embracing each the other in the woods,
 Besides she hath of late with fullaine lookes,
 That shew'd disliking, shunn'd my company,
 Kept her aloofe, and now I thinke to day,
 Is gone to hide her quite out of the way.

The Queenes

But *Silvia* though thou goe and hide thy face,
 Thou canst not hide thy shame, and thy disgrace;
 No secret thicker, groue, nor yett close grott
 Can couer shame, and that immodest blot;
 Ah didst thou lend thy hand in kinde remoife,
 To saue me from one death, to giue me worse;
 Had it not yett bene better that I dyde,
 By thy vnspotted honest cruelty;
 Then now by thy disgraced infamie;
 That so I might haue carried to my graue,
 The image of chaste *Silvia* in my heart;
 And not haue had these notions, to ingraue
 A stained *Silvia* there, as now thou art;
 Ah yes, it had bene better farre, I proue,
 Th'haue perisht for thy loue, then with thy loue.

Mr. Ah good *Palamon* cease these sad complaints,
 And moderate thy passions, thou shalt see
 She may returne, and these reports be found
 But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.

Pal. *Mirtilus* I perceive my tedious tale
 Begins to be distastefull to thine eare,
 And therefore will I to some desert vale,
 To some close Groue to waile, where none shall heare
 But beasts, and trees, whose sense I shall not fyre,
 With length of moane, for length is my desire;
 And therefore gentle *Sleep* adieu, now adieu,
 And trust not women, for they are vntrue.

Mr. Adue *Palamon*, and thy sad distresse,
 Shall make me wey *Dorinda* losse the lesse;
 For if I should be hett, and soe proue soe,
 Better to be mine owne, and let her goe.

Scena. 4.

Ergastus. *Melibianus.*

Erg. Now *Amilanus*, who would haue supposed,

Tha

Arcadia

That had not seen these impious passages,
That euer monstrous wretch could haue expos'd,
Two honest hearts to these extremities,
To attaine his wicked ends by hauing wronged,
First in, vnto their ease & confidence
Away, by an opinion to be thought
Honest, discreet, of great experience.

Whereby we see open fact will last
Without a maske, no mischief could haue done,
It was the couerture of honesty,
That laid the snare, whereby they were undone.
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is sackt,
And made a prey to cutting, when we fall
Into the hands of wise dishonestie.

When as our weak credulitie is sackt

By that opinion of sufficiency

To all the incommodities that fall

And impious craft can practise to beguile

And note but how their catches alwayes last

The choysest wares with their insinuations

How they are still ordained to deceive

The harts of the best consciences

Me! Tut true And what a cunning hath he

To be the Agent of his wile

How truly he negotiats and doth play

To vndermine trade and commerce

How strong these spirits combine them in a knot

To circumuent plain open honesty

And what a creature there is to compare

With feeble mortals, whoe we kindly count as men

With toyes and new disguises to reuere

The court where in by calumny they were bred

And then what trouble too, her trade affords

To traffike with the fictions of their heart

And cheape their wares

The Queenes

Which women shall be to women will imparted isd T
And then to see how some example will be found isd T
Disperse it selfe, bring me with our desire isd T
How soone, it will in kinde others ill be found isd T
Like *Naptha*, that takes fire by force of fire, as isd T
So that vnlesse we come with all the good isd T
We can, to quench this new arising flame isd T
Of vanitie, and lust, it will proceed isd T
T'vndoe vs, ere we shall perceiue the same isd T
How farre already is the mischief done, isd T
Before we can perceiue it was begun isd T

Actus 3. Scen. 1.

Alcin. *Lincol.*

Al. What my friend *Lincol.* now in troth well met

Lin. Well met good *Alcin.* this calles happie

That we two thus incounter *Al.* alone

Who had not any conference scarle this moneth

Al. In troth I longed to heare how you proceed

In your new practise, here among these Iwaues

For you and I must grace each others Age

Though you knew me when I was a dwel

And waited on a poore Physitions man

And I knew you a Pronotones boy

That wrote indentures at the Towne-houle dore

Yet are you here, now a great man of law

And I a graue Physition full of skill

And here we two are held the onely men

But how thrice you in your new practise now

Lin. *Alcin.* in troth not any thing to breake

For these poore people of *Arcadie* here

Are so contented each man with his owne

As they desire no more, nor will be drawe

To any contention, nor indeed

Arcadia.

Is there yet any frame composd, whereby
Contention may proceede in practice forme
For If they had this forme once to contend,
Then would they brawle and wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and cancell'd how
To litigate perpetually, you know
And so might I be sure to doe some good
But hauing here no matter where vpon
To furnish reall actions, as els where,
No tenures, but a consumarie hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common, with out individutie,
No purchasing, no contracts, no comers,
No politicque commands, no seruices,
No generall Assemblies but to feast
And to delight themselves with fresh pastimes,
How can I hope that ever I shall thinke

Alc. Ist possible that a society

Can with so little noyse, and sweet subsist

Lin. It seemes it may, before men haue transform'd

Their state of nature in so many shapes
Of their owne managements, and are cast out
Into confusion, by their knowledge

And either I must packe the benecor
Must labour wholly to disforme the state

And composition, of their strange bights
Which now I seeke to doe, by drawing them

To apprehend of these proprieties
Of mine and thine, and teach them to in croch

And get them later apart, & private shares
And thus I haue already set a worke

If it will take, for I haue met with two
The aptest spirits the country yelds, I know

And both, and both, who are both
Old, and both cholericke, and both pensive,

And both inclinable to quarrell

The Queenes

And if there quarrell hold, as tis begun
I do not doubt, but all the rest will on
And if the worst should fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And sway their strifes, I would get well by that.

All. Tis maruayle, that there long and easie peace
That fosters plennie, and gives nought to doe,
Should not with them beget contention too,
As well as other where we see it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft layes traps, to enrich it selfe with wiles,
And men make prei of mta, and rise by spoiles.
This rather seemes a quiet then a peace.
For this poore corner of Arradia here,
This little angle of the world you see,
Which hath shut out of doore, all the earth beside,
And are barred vp with mountaines, and with rocks,
Hath had no intertrading with the rest
Of men, nor yet will haue but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or desire, that waikes them not,
They liue as if still in the golden age,
When as the world was in his pupillage.

But for myne owne parte, *Alce.* I protest
I enuie them that they thus make themselves,
An euerlasting holy day of rest,
Whilst others worke, and I doe thinke it fit
Being in the world, they should be of the world,
And if that other states should doe this too
As God forbid, what should we Lawyers doe?
But I hope shortly yet, we shall haue here
As many of vs as are other where,
And we shall sweate, and chafe, and talke as loud,
Brawle our selues hoarse, as well as they shall doe
At Patra, Sparta, Corinth, or at Thebes,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud.

And then will be a world, and not before. In good luck
But how dost thou with thy profession frame? *Alc.*

Alc. No man can wish a better place then this
To practise in my arte, for here they will
Be sicke for companie, they are so kinde.
I haue now twenty patients at this time,
That know not what they aile; no more doe I.
And they haue phisicke all accordingly.

First *Phillis* got running at Barly, brake
A little cold, which I with certaine druggs
I ministred, was thought to remedie,
Doris saw that, how *Phillis* phisicke wrought
(For *Phillis* had told her, she neuer tocke
So delicate a thing in all her life;
That more reuiu'd her heart, and cleard her bloud.)
Doris would needes be sicke too, and take some
Melina seeing that, she would the like,
And so she had the very same receipt.
For to say truth, I haue no more but that,
And one poore pill I vse for greater hurt.
But this is onely sweet and delicate,
Fit for young women, and is like th' herb *Iohn*,
Doth neither good nor hurte, but that's all one,
For if they but conceine it doth, as doth
And it is that Phisitions hold the chiefe
In all their cures, and thing beleefe
Besids I am a straunge, come from far
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too,
For who now but th' *Arabian* or *Indian*
In forraine lands, are held the onely men;
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.

Lin. 'Tis my friend *Alc.*, he that hath onc' got
Th' Elixir of opinion hath got all,
And h' is th' man that turnes his brasse to gold;
Then can I talke of *Galen*, *Aueris*,
Hippocrates, *Reas*, and *Avicen*.

And

The Queenes

And bookes I neuer read, and vs strange speech is be A
Of Symptons, Crisus, and the Crisique dayes, b word nnd
Of Trochises, Opiats, Apophlegmatifmes, c of A
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lincies, Cataplasmes, d of A
With all the hideous termes, Arte can deuise, e of A
T' amuse weake, and admiring ignorance. f of A

Lin. And that is right my trick, I ouerwhelme, g of A
My practise too, with darknesse, and strange words, h of A
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles, i of A
Acceptilations, Actions rescissorie, l of A
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and imolue, m of A
Domestick matter in a foraine phrase. n of A

Alc. Then am I as abstruse and mysticall, o of A
In Caraster, and giuing my receipts, p of A
Observing still the odd number in my pills, q of A
And certaine houres to gather and compound, r of A
My simples, and make all attend the Moone, s of A
Then do I shew what rare ingredients, t of A
I vse for some great cures, when need requires, u of A
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lions gall, v of A
The least side of a Mole, the Foxes heart, w of A
The right foot of a Tortise, Dragons blood, x of A
And such strange sauage stuffe, as euen the names, y of A
Are phisick of them selves, to moue a man, z of A
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre, a of A
Beyond the Ocean, and the Sunne at least, b of A
Or else it hath no vertue Phisicall, c of A
These home-bred simples do no good at all, d of A

Lin. No, no, it must be foraine stuffe, God wot, e of A
Or something else, that is not to be got, f of A

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a trick, g of A
That will perpetu ally so feed their rheumes, h of A
And intertaine their idle weaknesse, i of A
As nothing in the world could do the like, l of A
For lately being at Corinth, twas my chance, m of A
T' encounter with a Sea-man, new arriv'd, n of A

Arcadia.

Of Alexandria, who from India came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th' Island of Nicotia, where it growes:
Insul'd I thinke in some perniferous myce,
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our spirits)
Or else sleep'd in the fuming sap, it selfe
Doth yeeld, in force th' infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he suckes
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay, the smoake thereof:
Which either he conueyes out of his nose,
Or downe into his stomach with a whistle.
And this he said a wondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarrh,
And to drie vp all other meaner rheumes,
Which when I saw, I straight way thought how well
This new fantastick all deuise would please
The foolish people here growne humours.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vse the same.

Lis. And it is ealie to bring in the vse
Of any thing, though neuer so absurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuse,
And th' humours of corruption once are

Alc. Tis true, and now to see with what a strange
And gluttonous desire, th' aduault the same
How infinite, and how insatiably,
They doe deuoure th' intoxicating fume,
You would admire, as if their spirits thereby
Were taken, and enchanted, or transformed,
By some infused philter in the drug.

For whereas heretofore they wonted were
At all their meetings, and their feastinalls,
To passe the time in telling wittie tales,
In questions, riddles, and in purposes,

The Queenes

Now do they nothing else but sit and suck
And spit, and flauer, all the time they live
That I go by, and laugh vnto my selfe
And thinke that this will one day make some worke
For me or others, but I feare it will
B'another age, will finde the hurt of this
But sure the times to come, when they looke back
On this, will wonder with themselves to thinke
That men of sense could euer be so mad
To suck so grosse a vapour, that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the blood, and in a vanitie.

Lin. But *Alon* peace, here comes a poore peace

Al. *Linus* there doth indeed, therefore stay
Leaue me alone for I must now resume
My surly grane, and Doctor all aspect
This wench I know, tis *Daphne* who hath wrongd
Her loue *Alon*, and plaid fast and loose
With *Colax* who reueald the whole to me.

Scena. 2.

Daphne. Alon.

Daph. Good Doctor *Alon*, I am come to crave
Your counsaile, to aduise me for my health,
For I suppose, in troth I am not well,
Me thinkes I should be sick, yet cannot tell
Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,
For which I would take Physicke willingly.

Al. Welcome faire *Almph*, come let me try your pulse.
I cannot blame you, to hold your selfe nor well,
Some thing a while agoth you, here's all amisse,
Th' whole Fabrick of your selfe distempred is,
The Systole, and Dyastole of your pulse,
Do shew your passions most hy Cereall,

Arcadia. ad T

It seemes you haue not very carefull bene,
To obserue the prophylacticke regimen
Of your owne body, so that we must now
Descend vnto the Theraphenically
That so we may prevent the syndromes
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analeptickall Elixipharmum,
That may be proper for your maladies.
It seemes faire Nymph you dreame much in the night.

Da. Doctor, I do indeed. *Al.* I know you doe.
You are troubled much with thought.

Da. I am indeed. *Al.* I know you are.
You haue great heavinesse about your heart.

Da. Now truly so I haue. *Al.* I know you haue.
You wake oft in the night. *Da.* In troth I do.

Al. All this I know you doe.
And this vnlesse by phisicke you prevent,

Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end.
And therefore you must first euacuate
All those Colicall hote humour which

Disturbe your heart, and then refrigerate
Your blood by some Menalechian Cordials,
Which you must take, and you shall straight finde ease.

And in the morning I will visit you.

Da. I pray Sir let me take of that you saue,
To Phillis th' other day, for that she said,

Did comfort wondrously, and cheere her heart.

Al. Faire Nymph you must if you will vse my art,
Let me alone, to giue what I thinke good,

I knew what fitted Phillis maladye,
And so, I thinke, I know what will serue you.

Da. I see.
O what a wondrous skilfull man is this!

Why he knowes all? O God, who euer thought
Any man liuing could haue sold so right

Al. I see.
F 2 Awo-

The Quenits

A womans griefe in all points as he hath now recited it
Why this is strange that by thy very pulse, it should do T
He should know all I say, as well as I
Beside I feare he sees too much in me
More then I would that any man should see
Me thought (although I could not well conceiue)
His words, he spake so learned and so strang
He said I had mislead my bodie much
As if he meant that in some wanton sorte,
I had abused my bodie with some man
O how should he know that what is my pulse
Become th' intelligent of my shame
Or are my looks the index of my heart?
Sure so he said, and me thought to die nam'd
Menalcas, or else some thing very like,
And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, Calio, that vile deuill,
Who is indeed the cause of all my griefe
For which I now seeke phisicke, but o what
Can phisicke doe, to cure that hideous wound
My lusts haue giuen my Conscience? which I see
Is that which onely is defeat'd with in
And not my body now that's it doth so
Disquiet all the lodging of my spirit
As keeps me waking, that is, it presents
Those ougly formes of terror that affright
My broken sleēts, that lyes vpon my heart
This heauy loadeth it weight downe with griefe
And no disease beside, for which there is
No cure I see at all, nor no redresse
Didst thou alledge vile man to my weak youth
How that those vowes I made vnto my loue
Were bands of custome, and could not lay on
Those manacles on nature, which should keepe
Her freedome prisoner by our dome of breath
O impious wretch now nature giues the lie

Arcturion

To thy soule heart, and all my grieved soules
 I haue done wrong, as false as that you are
 I first to my deare loue *Mindes* made
 And sayes th' assurance and the faith is giued
 By band on oath, the faith is sealed in heauen
 And therefore how *Mindes* can these eyes
 That now abhorres to look vpon my selfe
 Dare euer view that wronged face of thine
 Who hast relide on this false heart of mine

Scen. 3.

Colus. Tecne.

Col. Is possible sweet *Tecne*, what you say,
 That *Cloris* is so witty, and so coy
Tec. 'Tis as I tell you, *Colus*, sh' is as coy
 And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quick conceits
 As euer wench I brok d'n all my life.

Col. Then there's some glory in attaining her
 Here now I shall be sure to haue something yet
 Besides dull beauty, I shall lie with wit
 For these faire creatures haue such feeble spirits
 And are so languishing, as giues no edge
 To appetite, and loe, but stifles delight.

Tec. Well if you get her, dien you shall be sure
 To haue your will, and yet perhaps that store
 You finde in her, may check your longing more
 Then all their wants whom you haue ride before.

Col. How? if I get her? what do you suppose,
 I shall not get her, that were very strange.

Tec. Yes sir, she may be good, but yet I know
 Sh' will put you to the tryall of your wit.

Col. Let me alone, could I finde season fit
 To talke with her in private, she were mine.

Tec. That season may you now haue very well.

The Quene

For Colax, who hath pined with full of fully need should visit
 This evening late to woods and at the game where done
 Of Erycina vnderneath the hill, where she best
 Where I must sit her with a howl at tyre, she is to be
 Where with this fat in love, and at the other day no hand
 Thinking to see at their fathers house, and there to be
 (Whether I want with her to deale for you, she won't
 The old Acrisius to him, she is to be
 Which did in force to defende our work, she is to be
 Vntil this evening, that we might alone
 There out of sight, more closely do the same
 Where while she stayer, for I will make her stay
 For me a while you at your pleasure may
 Have th'opportunitie which you desire,

Col. O Teche, thou hast blest me if I know
 On this aduantage conquest of her mind
 Let me be loathed of all womankind
 And presently will I goe sue my selfe
 As brauely as I can, goe let my looks
 Arme my discourse, frame speeches passionate
 And action both, fit for to greeue a worker
 Teche a thousand thanks and for adieu.

Tec. Well Colax, she may yet deceaue thy hopes
 And I perswade my selfe she is as like
 As any subtile wench was ever borne
 To giue as wife a man as you the floome
 But see where one whose faith hath better right
 Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
 Like fortunes out-cast fall of heauens

Ah poore Teche, would thou knewst how much
 Thou art esteemd, although not where thou wouldst
 Yet where thou shouldst haue loue in that degree
 As neuer liuing man had like to thee
 Ah see how I, who sue for others loue
 Am rooke my selfe, and intreated here
 With one that hath his heart another way

redemptio

But I will leave to dust the frame
Of his affection and to turn his thoughts
From that coye *Chloe* to the liberie
Of his owne brayn, which hope to make him free

Chloe I shal ween not to look on
wond'rous things, but I will ween
that I shal see him in the end
of the world, when he shall come
to judge the living and the dead

Tech Now be *Chloe*, why should you thus grieve
For a most foolish wayward guide, that comes
Your honest love, and laughter all you doe
For shame, *Chloe* let her goe, is she not
You see her vaine, and how perishe she
Tis fond to follow what we cannot get

Ans O *Tech*, I knowe, though I neuer get
Yet will I ever follow whilst I breathe
And if I perish by the way, yet shall
My death be pleasing unto her, I like
And one day she may hap to come
(And be it, o her way) where I shall live
And with her proud and sinfull foole
Tread on my tombe, and say, loe where he lieth
The triumph, and the conquest of mine eyes
And though I lose my self, and lose my treasure
It shall be glory yet that I was here
What haue I done, or late, should I thus
My presence with him bringe, I shall not
As if she did not see my company
Chloe God knowes, thou shalt not cease therefore
Vnlesse he be for to bring me, and more
Why thou wilt want to see him, yet I can
And though thou wilt not see him, yet I shall

Tech Perhaps she thinks thy heart will be allayed
The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well
Not to be come there where she will not stide

Ans Alas

The Queenes

Am. Alas she knowes no hand but her selfe
That heat in mee, and therefore doe she wrong
To fyre my heart, and then to runne away,
And if she would not yde, yet might she ease
My carefull soule, if she would but stand by
And onely looke vpon me while I die.

Tec. Well well *Am.* as little dost thou know
With whom that cunning wanton sortes her selfe,
Whilst thus thou mournst it, and with what secret wiles
She workes, to meete her louer in the woodes,
With whom in groues, and caves she dallies fits,
And mocks thy passions, and thy dolefull fits.

Am. No *Tec.* no, I know that cannot be
And therefore doe not wrong her modestie
For *Clarie* loves no man, and that is some cause
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer soft affection touch her heart,
She will looke back, and thinke on my desert.

Tec. If that be all, that hope is an end
For if thou wilt this evening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Ericas* grove,
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,
Right opposit vnto the hollow cave
That looks into the valley, thou shalt see
That honestie, and that great modestie.

Am. If I see *Clarie* there, I know I shall
See nothing els with her, but modestie.

Tec. Yes something els wil grieve your heart to see
But you must be content, and thinke your selfe
Are not the first, that thus hath bene deceiued
With fayre appearing out-faces, and mistooke
A wanton heere by a chaste seeming lookes
But I comure you by the love you beare
Vnto those eyes, which make you (anywhere)
Th' example of compassion to the world
Sit close and be not secret in any way
Sit close and be not secret in any way

Arcadia.

Am. Well *Zeeknes*, if I shall see *Claris* there,
It is enough, then thither will I goe,
Who will go any where to looke on her,
And *Claris* know, I do not goe to see,
Any thing else of her, but onely thee.

Tec. Well goe and thinke yet of her honest care,
Who giues thee note of such a shamefull dead,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou shalt be free,
Who more deserves thy loue, or I or she.

Scen. 5.

Melibant. Ergastus.

Me. Now what infernall projects are here laid,
T'afflict an honest heart, & expose a maide,
Vnto the danger of alone assault,
To make her to offend without her fault.

Er. And see what other new appearing spirits
Would raise the tempests of disturbances,
Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we live in,
How one would faine instruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
With artificiall knowledge, to vndoo
Each other, and to beabble without end,
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne selues can take,
And makes vs better lawes then those we make,
And as if all that science ought could giue
Vnto our blisse, but onely shewes vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue,
And euermore we see, how vices doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more mercale,
When sturpill men beget, how good men cease.

The Queenes

And therefore how much better doe we liue
 With quiet ignorance, then we should doe
 With turbulent and euer working skill,
 Which makes vs not to liue, but labour still.
Mel. And see that better vaine fantastick game,
 Who would corrupt our bodies too likewise,
 As this our minde, and make our health to be
 As troublesome as sicknesse, to desire,
 That no part of vs euer should be free,
 Both forraging on our credulitie,
 Take still th' advantage of our weaknesse;
 Both cloath their frivolous vncertainties
 In strange attyres, to make it seeme the lesse.

Actus 4. Scen. 1.

Tea. *My father* must come back I know this way.
 And here it will be best for me to stay.
 And here, indeed he comes, poore man I see.
 All quite dismayed, and now wide wroth on him.
 Come, who tells truth, *My father*, who deceives
 Your expectation now, *Clot*, or I.

Am. Peace *Tea*, peace, and doe not interrupt.
 The griefe that hath no leasure to attend,
 Ought but it selfe, and hath shut vp with it
 All other sense in priuie close within.
 From doing any thing, but onely think.
Te. Think, whereon should you think? I haue thought
 And too too much, on such a time as this.
 Whom now you see y haue tride her honestie
 And let her goe proud girl, accordingly.
 There's none of these young wablers that know
 How to use a man, or how to make their choyse.

Arcadia.

Or answer mens affections as they ought?
And if y' will thinke, thinke sh' is not worth a thought.
Good *Tachne*, leave mee for thy speech and sight.
Beare both that disproportion to my griefe.
As that they trouble, trouble and confound
Confusion in my sorrowes, which doth loath
That sound of wordes, that answeres not the tone
Of my dispayres in accents of like mone.
And now hath sorrow no worse plague I see.
Then free and vnpartaking companie.
Who are not in the fashion of our woes.
And whose affection do not looke likewise
Of that complexion as our miseries.
And therefore pray thee leave me or else leave
To speake, or if thou speake let it not be
To me, or else let me not answer thee.
Tee. Well I say nothing you know what y' have scene.
Am. Tis true I doe confesse that I have scene
The worst the world can shew me and the worst
That can be ever scene with mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all where in
My heart had any interest in this life.
To be difrent and torne from of my hopes.
That nothing now is left why I should liue
That ostage I had given the world, which was
The hope of her that held me to hold trues.
With it, and with this life it gone, and now
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will.
And rend that pact of nature and dissolue
That league of blood that ties me to my selfe.
For *Cloris* now hath thy immodestie
Infranchised me and made me free to die.
Which otherwise I could not least it might
Haue bene some shame and some disgrace to thee.
Ah was it not ynow for this poore heart
T'indure the burthen of her proud disdain?

Thy

G2

That

The Queenes

That weigh'd it to the earth but that it must
Be cruint thus with th'oppression of her staynet
The first wound yet though it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanly made, it felted nor,
But this now giuen, comes by a poyfined shott,
Against all lawes of honors that are pure,
And rankles deadly is without all cure.

Ah how she blisht when as she issued forth
With her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might she blisht at such a deed,
And with how wild a looke shee casts about
Her fearefull eyes? as if her loathsome sinne
Now comming thus into the open sight,
With terror did her guiltines affright;
And vp she treads the hill with such a pace,
As if shee gladly would haue our gone shame,
Which yet for all her hasting after came.

And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
The villayne vtter my name, and the returne
The same againe in very earnest sorte,
Which could be for no good I know to mee,
But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then
To cast me vp by this way of her mouth
From of her heart, least it might stulle the same.

But *Cloris* know thou shalt not need to feare,
I neuer more shall interrupt thy noyes
With my complaymes nor more obstruse thy waies,
And o I would thy heart could be as free
From sinne and shame, as thou shalt be from mee.

I could (and I haue reason so to do)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch
Who hath surpris'd my loue, and robb'd my name,
And make his bloud th'oblation of my wrath
Euen at thy feet, that thou mightst see this ne
To expiate, for this iniustice done,
But that the fact examined would display

Arrendo. T

Thy infamie abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Teobne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it softly in her eare,
And be thou sure no living creature heare,
That her immodestie hath lost this day
Two the most honest guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my blood.

Tec. Now I may speake I trust you speake to me.

Ans. No not yet *Teobne* pray-thee stay a while,
And tell her too, though she spare not her shame,
My death shall shew, that I respect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may. *Ans.* O *Teobne* no not yet.
And bid her not forget *Amys* faith,
Though she despised him, and one day yet
She may be toucht with griefe, and that ere long.

To thinke on her dishonour, and his wrong.
Now *Teobne* I haue done, and so farewell.

Tec. But stay *Amys* as, now must I begin.

Ans. I cannot stay *Teobne*, let go your hold.
It is in vaine I say, I must be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amys* as, heate me but one word.

Ah he is gone, and in that furie gone,
As sure he will in this extremitie

Off his dispaire, do violence to himselfe:

And therefore now what helpe shall I deuise,

To stay his ruine & sure there is no meane.

But to call *Cloris*, and perswade with her

To follow him, and to prevent his death:

For though this practise was for mine owne good,

Yet my deceits w^{re} not to stretch to blood.

But now I know not where I should find out

That cruell inside, but I must call about.

Scen.

Before

The Quenees

Scen. 2.

Amarillis, Dorinda.

Ama. *Dorinda*, you are yet in happie case,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine;
'Tis I haue reason onely to bewaile
My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdaine,
And on his rockie heart that wrackes my youth
With stormes of sorowes, and contemnes my truth.
'Tis I that am shut out from all delight,
This world can yeeld a maide, that am reioy'd
From this onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd
Cruell *Carinus* scornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieve and pine.

Do. 'Tis true indeede you say, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more.
Then I would bee plennie doth make me poore.
For now my heart, as if denided stands
Betwixt two passions, loue, and pittie both,
That draw it either way with that maine force,
As that I know not which to yeeld vnto
And then feare in the midst, holds me in suspence,
Least I loath both by mine improuidencie.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda* to you know this,
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to possesse your heart, and loue alone,
Who hunts two flares at one time, catches none.

Do. I must tell you deare friend the whole discourse
From whom I cannot any thing conceale;
Arcadia knowes, and every Shepheard knowes
How much *Amarillis* hath deseru'd of me,
And how long time his wofull state hath laide
Depending on the mercie of mine eyes,
For whom I doe confesse, true hath bene
Th'Attornee evermore that stands and pleades

Before

The Queenes

Scen. 3.

Clarie. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Clo. Now here between you two, kinde loving soules,
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue must be all the scope of your discourse,
Alas poore hearts, I wonder how you can
In this deceifull world thinke of a man,
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh when they haue done, and prooue vntue.

Am. Well *Clarie* well, reioyce that you are free,
You may be toucht one day as well as we.

Clo. Indeed and I had like so this last night,
Had I not lookt with such an angry eye,
And frownd so fowre that I made loue afeard,
There was a fellow needs forsooth, would haue
My heart from me whether I would or not,
And had as great advantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Cause.

Do. What in a Cause? *Clarie*, how came you there?

Clo. Truly *Dorinda* I will tell you how
By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise
Of *Technus*, who would trie her wifonnes,
For she had promised me, to meete me there
At such an house, and thither bring with her
A new strange dressing she had made for me,
Which there close out of sight, I should vpon
Thither went I poore foole, with houre decreed,
And there expecting *Technus* company,
In rushes fleeing *Calas* after me,
Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place,
And there with his affected apish grace
And strained speach, offering to seize on me,
Out rish I from him, as indeed, amazz
At his so sodaine and vnexpected sight.

Arcadia.

And after followes hee, vower, sweares, protest
By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he spend his life.

Do. Alas and what am I forgotten there
Why these were euen the wordes he spake to mee.
Cl. And then inueighes against *Amintar* loue,
Vants his owne partes, and his great knowledges;
And all so idle, as, in troth, me thought
I neuer heard a man more vainely talke,
For so much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with such a pace and neuer staide
To giue regard to any thing he said:
As at the last I scarce had leaft him breath
Sufficient to forswear himselfe with all.

Do. Ah what hath then my silly ignorance done
To be depeind, and moeket by such a one!

Cl. And when I had recoverd vp the hill,
I fayrely ran away and leaft my man
In middst of his coniuring periuries
All emptie to returne with mightie losse
Of breath and labour, hauing cast away
Much foolish paines in tricking vp him selfe
For this exployte, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuour'd before he came
And I too, mist my dressing by this means.

But I admire how any Woman can
Be so vnwise to like of such a man,
For I protest I see nought else but froth,
And shallow impudence, affected grace,
And some few idle practis'd complements
And all the thing he is, he is with out
For affection stymes but to appeare,
And neuer is of substance, nor Sincere,
And yet this dore of falshood hath beguild
A thousand foolish wenches in his dayes.

The Queenes

Do. The more wretch he, & more hard hap was theirs.

Cl. Why doe you sigh *Dorinda* are you toucht
With any of these passages of mine?

Do. Noe truly not of yours, but I haue cause
In my particular that makes me sigh,

Cl. Well well come on to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuise some sporte to passe the time.

Am. Faith I haue no great list so any sporte.

Do. Nor I in troth tis farthest from my minde.

Cl. Then let vs tell old tales, repeat our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue.

Am. And now you speake of dreames, in troth last
I was much troubled with a feareful dreame,

Do. And truly *Amarillis* so was I,

Cl. And now I doe remember too, I had
A foolish idle dreame, and this it was:

Me thought the fayrest of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the best of all his flock,

Was singled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
And in his hote pursuit makes towards me,

(Me thought) for succour, and about mee ran,
As if it begd my ayde to saue his life,

Which I long time deferrd, and still lookt on,
And would not resseue it, vnill at length

I saw it euermore worried out of breath,
And panting at my feet, and could no more,

And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
And cherisht it with mee, and brought it backe

Home to *Montanus*, who was glad to see
The poore repcured creature thus restord,

And I my selfe was greatly pleas'd, me thought,
That by my hand so good a dee'de was wrought,

And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame?

Am. Me thought as I in *Bremadine* walkt
A fearful wolfe rusht forth from out a brake,

And towards me makes with open hideous maw,
From

Arcadia.

From whom I ranne with all the speed I could,
To escape my danger, and ouertake
One whom I saw before, that might lend ayde
To me distressed, but he me thought did runne
As fast from me, as I did from the beast.
I ride to him, (but all in vaine) to stay;
The more I ride, the more he ranne away:
And after I, and after me the Wolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in minde,
Seeing my despaire before, my death behinde:
Yet ranne I still, and loe, me thought, at length
A little he began to slack his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my strength
And ranne, as if desire had wingd my heeles,
And in the end me thought recoured him.
But neuer woman felt more ioy it seem'd
To ouertake a man, then I did him,
By whom I scape the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as presently I wak'd,
Tought with that sodaine ioy, which my poore heart
God knowes, had not bene vsd vnto of late:
I found my selfe all in a moist faint sweate,
Which that affrighting horror did beget,
And though I were deliur'd of my feare,
And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling last
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was past.

Clo. This *Amarilla* may your good portend,
That yet you may haue comfort in the end.

Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want.

Clo. And now *Derinda* tell vs what you dreamt.

De. I dreamt, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
And weary of my worke, reposing me
Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers side,
A subtle Serpent lurking in the grasse,
Came secretly, and seized on my left breast,
Which though I saw, I had no power to stirre,

The Queenes

But lay me flat, till he had cate a way
 Into my bosome, whence he tooke my heart,
 And in his mouth carrying the same away,
 Returnes, me thought againe from whence he came,
 Which I perceiuing presently arose,
 And after it most wofully I went,
 To see if I could finde my heart againe,
 And vp and downe, I sought but all in vaine.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good suck to dreame of Snakes,
 One shall be sure to heare anger after it.

Do. And so it may be I haue done to day.

Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

Scen. 4.

Techno. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Tec. Come you are talking here in iollitie,
 Whilst I haue sought you *Cloris* all about:
 Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

Cl. What is the newes? what haue we now to doo,
 Haue you another Cause to send me too?

Tec. Ah talke no more of that but come away,
 As euer you will saue the wofull life
 Of a distressed man that dyes for you.

Clo. Why what doth *Celar* whom you sent to me
 Into the Cause, faint now with his repulse?

Tec. I sent him not, you would so wisely goe,
 In open sight, as men might see you goe,
 And trace you thither all the way you went.

But come, ah 'tis not he, it is the man
 You ought to saue; *Amynta* is the man
 Your cruelty, and rigour hath vndone:

O quickly come, or it will be too late;
 For 'twas his chance, and most vnluckely
 To see both you and *Celar*, as you came

Out

Arcadia

Out of the Cause, and he thinkes verily
You are possesst by him; which so confounds
His spirits, and sinckes his heart, that sure 'tis runne
T'vndoe himselfe, and so I feare 'tis done.

Clor. If it be done, my helpe will come too late,
And I may stay, and saue that labour here.

Am. Ah *Cloris* haste away, if this be so,
And doe not, if thou hast a heart of flesh,
And of a woman, stay and trifle time,
Goe runne, and saue thine owne, for if he die,
'Tis thine that dyes, his blond is shed for thee,
And what a horrow this will ever be
Hereafter to thy guiltie conscience, when
Yeares shall haue taught thee wit, and thou shalt finde
This deed instampt in bloody Characters,
Within the black recordes of thine owne thoughts,
Which neuer will be raz'd whilst thou hast breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by thy death.
Besides wide Fame, will Trumpet forth thy wrong,
And thou shalt be with all posteritie,
Amongst the examples held of crueltie,
And haue this sauage deed of thine be made
A sullen subiect for a Tragedie,
Intituled *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May serue to be an everlasting shame;
And therefore goe prevent so foule a shame.

Da. Ah goe, goe *Cloris*, haste away with speed.

Clor. Why whether should I goe? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he doe this deed,
It is his error, and no fault of mine.

Yet pray thee *Tecbuc*, which way went the man?

Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will shew which way he went,
In most strange fate, and most desperate speed,
Still crying, *Cloris*, hast thou done this deed?

Clor. Why had not you staid, and perswaded him?

Tec. I could not stay him by no meanes I vsa,

The Queenes

Though all the meanes I could deuise I vsd.
Cl. Well I will goe, poore man, to seeke him out,
Though I can do him else, no other good,
I know indeed he hath deseru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, should be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.

But thus my dreame may now chance come to passe,
And I may happen to bring home indeed
Montanus sonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues so well, and by my gracious deed,
He may escape the danger he was in,
Which if I doe, and thereby doe inthrall
My selfe, to free anothers misery,
Then will I sit and sigh, and talke of loue,
As well as you, and haue your company.
For something I doe feele begin to moue,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing else but feares;
Yet what know I that feare may hap be loue.
Well *Teuchus* come I would not haue him yet
To perish, poore *Amyntas* in this fit. *Exeunt.*

Anna. Well *Clarie* yet he may, for ought I see
Before you come, vnlesse you make more haste.
Ah cruell maide, she little knowes the griefe
Of such a heart that's desperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderstands she her owne happinesse,
To haue so true a lover as he is.
And yet I see 'tis toucht, if not too late,
For I perceiu'd her colour come and goe,
And though in pride she would haue hid her woe,
Yet I saw sorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou hast (like to the Bee that stinging dyes,
And in anothers wound leafts his owne life)
Transpierced by thy death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou, couldst touch by no desert,
And if thou shalt escape, thou hast suruiv'd

Her

Arcadia

Her crueltie, which now repents her wrong,
And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd,
After the affliction thou hast suffred long.
Which makes me thinke, that time, and patience may
Intenerat at length the hardest heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,
Liue t'ouertake *Carinna* mercie too.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true,
And constant loue, ouercome with griefe,
Presents vnto my guilty memorie
The wrongs *Mirillus* hath indur'd of me.
And ô I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not well, I saw him not
Scarfe these three dayes, I menaile where he is,
And yet what need I menaile, who haue thus
Chac'd him from me with trownes, and vsage vile?
And fondly least the substance of his faith,
To catch the shadow of deceit and guile?

Was *Calisto* he I thought the onely man
And is he now prou'd to be such a one?
O that I euer lent an easie eare,
Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
Whose very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my selfe, for being so vnwise.
What shall I doe sweete *Amerillis* now,
Which way shall I betake me to recouer
The losse of shame, and losse of such a loue?

Am. Indeed *Desinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compassion now
May make amends, and you must learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
When all extremities must mend, or end.

Scen.

The Queenes

Scen. 5.

Melibeus. Ergastus.

Mel. Well, come *Ergastus*, we haue scene ynow,
And it is more then time, that we prepare
Against this Hydra of confusion now,
Which still presents new hideous heads of feare:
And euery houre we see begets new broiles,
And intricates our youth in desperate toyles.

And therefore let th' aduantage of this day,
Which is the great, and generall hunting day,
In *Eremanthus*, serue for this good deed
And when we meete (as all of vs shall meete
Here in this place anone, as is decreed)
We will aduise our Shepheards to intermis
That worke, and fall to this imports vs more,
To chase out these wild mischieues that doe larke
And worse infect, then th' *Eremanthus* Boare,
Or all Beasts else, which onely spoile our fields,
Whilst these which are of more prodigious kindes,
Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes.

Erg. And this occasion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day lost may lose
More by example, then we shall reget
In thousands, for when men shall once disclose
The way of ill that lay vnkowne before,
Scarcely all our paines will euer stop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly is driuen, but easily is lead.

Adus. 5. Scen. 1.

Amarillis. Carinus.

Am. Ah gentle *Lelaps*, pretty louing dogge,

Where

Arcadia.

Where hast thou leaft thy mafter, where is hee, vñ he A.
That great commander over thee and mee, vñ he A.
Thou wert not wont be far off from his feete, vñ he A.
And o no more would I, were he fo pleafed, vñ he A.
But would as well as thou go follow him, vñ he A.
Through brakes, and thickets, ouer chiffer and rockes A.
So long as I had life to follow him, vñ he A.
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye vñ he A.
Of fauour, as h'is vñ d to looke on thee, vñ he A.
Thou canst be clapt, and ftrookt with that faire hande
That thruftes away my heart, and beates it backe . .)
From following him, which yet it euer will vñ he A.
And though he fly mee I muft after ftill, vñ he A.
But here he comes, me thought he was not farre, vñ he A.

Car. What meane you *Amarillis* in this forte
By taking vp my dogge to marre my sporte?

Am. My deare *Caristus*, thou doft much miftake
I doe not marre thy sporte, in thou mayft mende it
And killft my iyes with that hard heart of thine
Thy dooge perhaps by fome inftinct doth know
How that I am his mafters creature too,
And kindly comes himfelfe, and fawnies on mee
To fhew what you in nature ought to doe.

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinke this euer trouble mee.

Am. What is it troublefome to be belou'd
How is it then *Caristus* to be loath'd
If I had donne like *Clarinda* fcornd your fute,
And fpoum'd your paffions in difdainefull forte,
I had bene woo'd, and fought, and highly priz'd,
But hauing n'other arte to win thy lone,
Saue by difcouering mine, I am defpid,
As if you would not haue the thing you fought,
Vñles you knew, it were not to be gotte,
And now becaufe I lie here at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,

The Queenes

And lay my heart all open in thy sight,
And tell thee banthine, and tell thee right.
And doe not sute my lookes, nor cloth my words
In other coulours, then my thoughts do weare,
But doe thee right in all, thou scornest me
As if thou didst not loue sinceritie
Neuer did Cryfall more apparantly
Present the coulour it contain'd within
Then haue these eyes, these teares, this tongue of mine,
Bewreyd my heart, and told how much I'am thine.

Ca. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd
And more then fits the honour of a mayde.

Am. O if that statute hath not arm'd my breast
With that strong temp'or of resisting proofe,
But that by treason of my weake complexion,
Am made thus easy to the violent thott
Of passion, and th' affection I should not
Me thinke yet you out of your strength and power,
Should not disdayne that weakenes, but should thinke
It rather is your vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus against my kinde,
T'vnlock my thoughts, and to let out my minde,
When I should rather die and burst with loue
Then vnce to let my tongue to say, Noue.
And if your worthy partes be of that power
To vanquish nature, and I must be wonne
Do not disdayne the worke when you haue don,
For in contemning me you do dispise
That power of yours which makes me to be thus.
Ca. Now what adoe is here with idle talkes
And to no purpose, for you know I haue
Ingagd long since my heart, my loue and all
To *Cloris*, who must haue the same and shall.
Am. Why there is no such odds twixt her and me,
I am a Nymph, tis knowne as well as shee,
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine

Arcadia.

But that I loue, and she doth thee disdain:
No other reason can induce thy minde,
But onely that which should diuert thy minde:
I will attend thy flockes better then she,
And dresse thy Bower more sweete, more daintily,
And cheerish thee with Salets, and with Fruites,
And all fresh dainties as the season suites;
I haue more skill in herbes, then she, by farre,
I know which nourish, which restoring are:
And I will finde *Disdamus* for thy Goates,
And seeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes,
And Tetrifoll to cheerish vp their Dammes.
And this I know, I haue a better voyce
Then she, though she perhaps may haue more aite,
But which is best; I haue the faithfullst heart,
Besides *Amintas* hath her loue, I know,
And she begins to manifest it now.

Car. *Amintas* haue her loue? that were most strange!
When he hath gotten that, you shall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me rest vpon
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

Scen. 2.

Mirtilus. *Carinus.* *Amirillie.*

Mir. Well met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riual, poore *Amintas*, hath vndone
And spoild himselfe, and lyes in that weake case,
As we thinke neuer more to see his face.

Car. *Mirtilus*, I am sorry t'heare so much,
Although *Amintas* be competitor
In th' Empire of her heart, wherein my life
Hath chiefest claime, I doe not wish his death:
But by what chance, *Mirtilus* pray thee tell
And I will *Carinus*, though I grieve to tell.

The Queenes

As *Titerus*, *Menalcas*, and my selfe
 Were placing of our toyles (against anon
 That we shall hunt) below within the straight,
 Twixt *Eremanthus*, and *Lyctus* mount,
 We might perceiue vnder a ragged cliffe,
 In that most vncouth desert, all alone,
 Distrest *Amymon* lying on the ground,
 With his sad face, turn'd close vnto the rock,
 As if he loath'd to see more of the world,
 Then that poore space, which was twixt him and it.
 His right hand stretcht along vpon his side,
 His left, he makes the pillow to support
 His carefull head, his Pipe he had hung vp
 Vpon a *Beach-tree* by, where he likewise
 Had plac'd his *Sheephook*, and his *Knife*, wherewith
 He had incur'd an worfull *Elegie*,
 To shew th' occasion of his miserie.
 My dogge *Phaon* sitting by his side,
 As if he were partaker of his woe:
 By which we knew 'twas he, and to him went,
 And after we had call'd, and thooke him vp,
 And found him not to answer, nor to stirre
 And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme;
 We tooke him vp, and held him from the ground;
 But could not make him stand by any meanes;
 And sincking downe againe, we searcht to see
 If he had any wound, or blow, or scratch,
 But none could finde: at last by chance we spide
 A little horn which he had hung aside,
 Whereby we gesse he had some poyson took;
 And thereupon we sent out presently
 To fetch *Phanis*, whose great skill in herbes
 Is such, as if there any meanes will be,
 As I feare none will be, her onely art
 Must serue to bring him to himselfe againe.
Car. Indent *Phanis* hath bene knowne that done

Arcadia.

Most desperate cures, and peraduenture may
Restore him yet, & I doe with the may.

Mir. But hauing these vs'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and standing by with griefe,
(As we might well, to see so sad a sight)
(And such an worthy Shepheard in that plight)

We might perceiue some running downe the hill,
Cloris, and *Techur*, with what speed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before;
And made more haste, as it concernd her more.

And neerer as she came, she faster went,
As if she did desire to haue bene there
Before her feete too slow for her swift feare.

And comming to the place, she sodainly
Stopt, startes, and shrikt, and hauing made such haste
T'haue something done, now could she nothing doe.

Perhaps our presence might perplexe her too,
As being ashamed that any eye should see
The new appearing of her naked heart;

That neuer yet before was seen, till now
Car. And thus hap for me it was scene now.

Mir. For we perceiue how *Car.* and *Mir.*
With seuerall Engines, shroue within her cheekes
Which should be Lord that day, and charged hard

Vpon each other, with their flesh supplies
Of different colours, that still came, and went,
And much disturb'd her, but at length dissol'd

Into affection, downe she casts her selfe
Vpon his senselesse body, where she saw
The mercie she had brought was come too late

And to him calles; O deare *Amour*, it is I
Looke on me, sweete *Amour*, it is I
That calles thee, he is, that holds thee here,

Within those armes thou haste esteem'd so deare.
And though that loue were yet so young in her
As that it knew not how to speake, or what,

The Queenes

And that she neuer had that passion prou'd, *Job 1*
Being first a louer ere she knew she lou'd, *and 1000*
Yet what she could not wite, she supplide, *and 1000*
With her poore busie hands that rubb'd his face, *and 1000*
Chaf'd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends, *and 1000*
Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands, *and 1000*
And neuer least her worke, nor ever ceast, *and 1000*
Ans. Alas the least of this regarde before, *and 1000*
Might haue holpe all, then when 'twas in her power, *and 1000*
Th'haue sau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde, *and 1000*
Now for all this, her mercie is vnkinde, *and 1000*
The good that's out of season, is not good, *and 1000*
There is no difference now twixt cruelty, *and 1000*
And the compassion that's not vnderstood, *and 1000*
Ans. But yet at length, as if those daintie hands, *and 1000*
Had had a power to haue awakened death, *and 1000*
We might perceiue him moue his heauie eyes, *and 1000*
Which had stood fixt all the whole time before, *and 1000*
And fastens them directly vpon her, *and 1000*
Which when she saw, it strooke her with that force, *and 1000*
As that it pierc'd through all the spirits she had, *and 1000*
Made all the powers and parts of her shrink vp, *and 1000*
With that conuulsion of remorse and grieke, *and 1000*
As out she shriek'd, O deere, O my deere heart, *and 1000*
Then shrinks againe, and then againe cryes out, *and 1000*
For now that looke of his did shake her more, *and 1000*
Then death or any thing had done before, *and 1000*
That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart, *and 1000*
All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue, *and 1000*
All his sad sufferings, all his griefes, and feare, *and 1000*
And now in th'end what he had done for her, *and 1000*
And with that powerfull force of mouing too, *and 1000*
As all a world of words could neuer doe, *and 1000*
Ah what a filly messenger is Speech, *and 1000*
To be imploid in that great Embassie, *and 1000*
Of our affections, in respect of th'eyes, *and 1000*

Arcadia.T

Ah 'tis the silent rhetorick of a looke,
That workes the league betwixt the states of hearts,
Not words I see, nor knowledge of the booke,
Nor incantations made by hidden artes,
For now this looke so melts her into teares,
As that she pow'd them downe like thunder droppes,
Or else did Nature faking pittie now
Of her distresse, imploy them in that store,
To serue as vailes, and to be interposde
Betwixt her grieve and her, & impeach her sight,
From that full view of sorrow thus disclosde.

And now with this came in *Prinia* there,
With other women, to imploy their best
To saue his life, if b' any meanes they can,
And so we came our way, being sent for now
About some conference for our hunting sportes,
And with vs *Tecuba* comes, who is supposde
Thaue bene a speciall cause of much of this.

Car. Alas this sad reporte doth grieve me much,
And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had
So deere ly lou'd him as I finde she doth,
For by this act of hers I plainly see,
There will be neuer any hope for me.

Ama. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
Wilt stand but to thy word, as thou hast said.

Mir. Ah would to God *Derinda* had bene there,
Thaue seene but *Cloris* acte this wofull part;
It may be, it might haue deterr'd her heart
From cruelty, so long as she had luv'd.

Ama. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard
So much this day, for he may hap thereby
To haue some feeling of my miserie,
But for *Derinda* neuer doubt at all,
She is more yours *Mirallus* then you thinke.

Mir. Ah *Amarillis*! I would that were true.
But loe where come our chiefeest heardmen now,
Of all *Arcadia*, we shall know more newes.

Scen

The Quenees

Scen. 3.

*Melibæus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrisius, with others
Arcadius, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colas,
Techne, Pistophanax.*

Meli. You gentle Shepheards and inhabitants
Of these remote, and solitarie parts
Of *Montanus, Arcadia*, shut vp here
Within these Rockes, th' se vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and Bulwarkes of our libertie,
From out the noise of tumult, and the throng
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie,
And haue continued still the same and one
In all successions from antiquitie,
Whilst all the states on earth besides haue made
A thousand reuolutions, and haue rowld
From change to change, and neuer yet found rest,
Nor euer bettered their estates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concerns vs all:
Least that we leaue not to posteritie,
Th' *Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our forefathers care who leaue it vs.

For none of you I know, whose iudgment's graue
Can ought discern, but sees how much we are
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were;
And what distempers dayly doe arise
Amongst our people, neuer felt before,
At which I know you meruaile, as indeed
You well may meruaile, whence they should proceed:
And so did good *Ergastus* here, and I,
Vntill we set our selues more warily
To search it out, which by good hap we haue,
And found the Authors of this wickednesse.

Which

Arcadia.

Which Diuels attyrd here in the shape of men,
We haue produc'd before you, to the end
You may take speedy order to suppress
Our growing follies, and their impiousnesse.

Erg. Indeed these odious wretches which you see,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our rest,
These new and vnknowne mischiefs of debate,
Of wanton pride, of scandalous reportes,
Of vile deluding chaste and honest loues,
Of vnderfer'd suspicious desperate griefes,
And all the sadnesse we haue seene of late.

And first this man, this *Lincus* here you see,
Mentanus you, and you *Acrysius* know,
With what deceipt, and with what cunning arte,
He intertain'd your strifes, abuld you both,
By first perswading you that you had right
In your demandes, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rightes, as men
Had mannes, or power, or will to purchase them;
Could he haue once attain'd to his desires.

Mon. We doe confesse our error, that we were
Too easily perswaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for euermore,

Acry. And we desire the memory thereof
May dye with vs, that it be neuer knowne
Our feeble age hath such example showne.

Erg. And now this other strange impostour here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion, and conceipt withall,
Comes here to set vs all at variance too,
With nature, as this other with our selues,
And would confound her, working with his arte,
And labours how to make our minds first sick,
Before our bodies, and perswade our health

The Queenes

It is not well, that he may haue thereby
Both it and sicknesse ever vnder cure,
And forraine druggs brings to distemper here,
And make vs like the wanton world abroad.

Mel. But here are two the most pernicious spirits
The world I thinke did ever yet produce,
Colax and *Techne*, two such instruments
Of Wantonnesse, of Lust and treacherie,
As are of power to intice and to debaule
The vniuersall state of honestie.

Erg. But *Techne* who is that standes then by you,
What is your companie increast of late?

Te. Truly it is a very honest man,
A friend of mine that comes to see me here.

Erg. He cannot then but be an honest man,
If he be one of your acquaintance sure.

Mel. This man I found with them now since you went
Mayntayning hote dispute with *Tutere*

About the rites, and misteries of *Pan*,
Erg. He is like to be of their associats then.

Te. *Techne*, what is this secret friend of yours?
Te. For-sooth he is a very holy man.

Erg. A very holy man? what is his name?
Te. Truly his name Sir is *Pistophanes*.

Erg. What is he master, or is that face his owner?
Te. He is not master, tis his complexion sure.

Erg. *Techne* we cannot credite thy report,
Let ontry whether it be so or not.

O see a most deformed ongly face,
Wherewith if openly he should appeare,

He would deterre all men from comming nere,
And therefore hath that conning wretch put on

This pleasing visor of apparencie,
To intice and to delude the world withal;

So that you see with what strange inginiery,
The proiect of our ruine is forecast.

Arcadia.

How they implanted haue their battery here,
Against all the maine pillars of our state,
Our Rites, our Customs, Nature, Honestie,
T'mbroyle, and to confound vs vnerly,
Reckning vs barbarous, but if thus their skill
Doth ciuileze let vs be barbarous still.

Mel. But now to shew the horrible effects
Of *Colax*, and of *Technus* practices,
(Besides this last exploit they wrought vpon,
Amintas (who, poore youth, lies, now full weak)
Vnder *Kriamis* cure, whose skill we heare
Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)
We haue sent out abroad into the woods,
For *Siluis* and *Palemon* two chaste soules,
Whom they haue torturd so with ielosie,
Of each the other, as they made them run
A part, to languish severally alone,
And we haue sent for diuers others too,
Whose heartes haue felt what impious craft can do,
And here they come, and now you shall know all.

Scen. 4.

Palemon, *Mirillus*, *Carinus*, *Siluis*, *Derinda*.

Amarillis, *Daphne*, *Cloris*, *Agamemnon*.

Erg. Come good *Palemon*, and good *Siluis* comes.
You haue indurd too much, and too too long.

Sil. Ah why *Ergastus* doo you set our names
So nere together, when our hearts so far,
Are distant from each other as they are,
Indeed whilst we were one as once we were,
And as we ought to be, were faith obseru'd,
Palemon should not haue bene nam'd without
A *Siluis*, nor yet *Siluis* without him.
But now we may *Ergastus*, we are two.

The Queenes

Pal. Siluia, there in the greater wrong you doe. well

Sil. Palamon, nay the greater wrong you doe. *Alas*

Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.

Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know.

Pal. Siluia, you see your fault cannot be hid.

Sil. It is no fault of mine *Palamon*, that

Your shame doth come to be reuealed here.

I neuer told it you your selfe haue not

Conceald your worke so closely as you should.

Pal. But there stands one can tel what you haue bene.

Sil. Nay there he standes can tel what you haue bene.

And sure is now in publicke here produced

To testifie your shame, but not set on

But me I doe protest, who rather would

Haue dide alone in secret with my griefe

Then had your infamie discoverd here.

wherein my shame, must haue so great a share.

Pal. I haue not sought to manifest your shame

Which *Silvia*, rather then haue done I would

Haue bene content to endure the worst of deathes,

I hauing such an intrest in the same.

Col. No *Silvia*, no *Palamon*, I stand here

Not to accuse you but to accuse my selfe

Of wrong, you both God knowes are cleare

I haue abused your apt credulitie,

With false reportes of things that neuer were

And therefore here craue pardon for the same.

Pal. why *Colas*, did not *Silvia* intertaine

The loue of *Thyris* then as you told me?

Col. Palamon no, she neuer intertaine

His loue, nor wronged you as I euer knew.

Sil. But *Colas* you saw how *Palamon* did

With *Nissa* falsifie his vow to me.

Col. Silvia, by heaven and earth I sweare not,

But onely saide it out of subtiltie

For some vngodly end I had decreed.

Aradia.

Pal. O let not this be made some cunning baite
To take my griefes with false beleefe, for I would not
Had rather live with sorrow then deceit,
And still be vndone, then to haue such reliefe.

Sil. Ah let not this deuise be wrought to gild
My bitteresse, to make me swallow it now,
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not trust what I know.

Pal. Ah *Silvia* now, how were I cleer'd of griefe,
Had I the power to vnbeleue beleife.
But ah my heart hath dwelt so long in house
With that first tale, as this which is come new,
Cannot be put in trust with my desire
So soone, besides tis too good to be true.

Sil. Could I *Palamion* but vnthinke the thought
Of th'ill first heard, and that it were not so,
How blest wretch I but lbe I see how doubt
Comes in farre easier then it can get out,
And in these miseries of it alone, my heart
Our care hath greater credit then our eye.

Mel. Stand not confusd deare louers any more,
For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
And this vile wretch hath done you both this wrong.

Pa. Is possible, and is this true you say,
And doe I lbe, and doe I see the day?
Ah then come *Silvia* for I finde this wound
Thath pierc'd into the center of my heart,
Hath let in loue farre deeper then it was.

Sil. If this be so, why then *Palamion* know,
I likewise feele the loue that was before
Most in my heart is now become farre more
And now o pardon me you worthy race
Of men, it I in passion vnder ought
In preiudice of your most noble sexe
And thinke it was my agrieued error spake
It knew not what, transported so, not I.

Pal.

The Queenes

Pal. And pardon me your glorious company
You starres of women, for I have heard
Have ought profane they deserve not
And thou bright *Pallas* for a virgin of all Nations
The royall Mistress of our Pallorall Muse
And thou *Diana* honour of the woodes
To whome I vow my songs and now my selfe
Forgive me my offence and be you please
T'accept of my repentance now therefore
And grace me still and I desire no more

Sil. And now I would that *Claris* knew this much
That so she might be undeceived too
Whom I have made believe for all of men
But to see where she comes, and as it comes
Brings her belief already in her hand
Prevents my art, and is confirmed before
Looke *Claris* looke my fears have idle been
Palamen Loue me there is truth in men

Col. And *Silvia* I must now believe so too
Or else god help I know not what to doe
Pal. Looke here *Mortilla* looke what I told you
Is now prou'd false, and women they are true

Al. So I precious *Palamen*, and it seems
But vaine conceipt that other wise esteemes
Mo. Alas here comes my deare restored sonne
My lovely child *Armen* here is come

Ar. And here is *Claris* my deare daughter come
And lookes as if she were affrighted still
Poore soule, with feare, and with her sodaine grieve
Col. Lo here *Montanus* I have brought you home

Although with much adoe your sonne againe
And sorry am with all my heart that I
Have bene the cause he hath indur'd so much
Mon. And I restore him back againe to you

Deare *Claris* and doe with you to forget
Your sorrowes past, and pray the Gods you may
From

Armadillo

From henceforth lead your life with happie joy.

Act. Do. I shall take him and I with as much.

Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull festiuals.

The more compleat *Derinda*, we intreat

You also to accept *Martillus* loue,

Who we are sure hath well deserved yours.

De. Although this be vppon short warning yet

For that I have bene sommoned before

By mine owne heart and his deserts to me

To yeeld to such a motion I am now

Content to accept his loue and will be his

Mis. Derinda then I likewise haue my blisse

And reckon on all the sufferings I haue past

Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at last

Mel. And you Carina looke on that good Nimph

Whose eye is still on you as if she thought

Her sufferings too, deserved some time of ioy

And now expects her turne hath brought her lip

For comfort too whilst fortune deales good hap

And therefore let her haue it now poore soule

For she is worthy to possesse your loue

Car. I know she is and she shall haue my loue

Though *Colax* had perswaded me before

Neuer to accept of to beleue the loue

Of any Niniph, and oft to me hath sworne

How he had tryed them all and that none were

As men, beguiled by shewes, supposd they were

But now I doe perceiue his treachery

And that they haue both loue and constancie

Amo. O deare Carina blest be this good honre

That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last

That heart of thine which fled from me so fast

Erg. And Darine too me think your heavy lookes

Shew how that something is amisse with you

Dap. Nothing amisse with me but that of late

I tooke a fall, which some what grieues me yet

Erg. Thou

The Queenes

Erg. That must aduise you *Day* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete,
Which if you doe, no doubt but all will be well,

Mel. Then thus we see the sadnesse of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy;
And now you impious spirits, who thus haue raised
The hideous tempests of these mileries,
And thus abuld our simple innocence,
We charge you all here presendly & auoyd,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Cast downe, and dash't in peeces from these rockes;
And 't hate your odious carcases downe
By beasts, being worse your feloes than beasts to

Cal. Well then come *Tribes* for I see we two
Must euen be forst to make a marriage too.
And goe to *Corinth*, or some Citie neere.
And by our practise get our living there:
Which both together Ioyne perhaps we may.
And this is now the worst of mileries
Could come vnto me, and yet worthily,
For hauing thus abuld so many Nymphes,
And wrong'd the honour most vncreuerently
Of women, in that sort as I haue done,
That now I am forst to vndergoe therefore
The worst of Plagues: To marry with a W.

Alc. But *Lionel*, let not this discourage vs,
That this poore people ieaious of their rest,
Exile vs thus, for we no doubt shall finde
Nations enough, that will most ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cherish vs.
And worther people too, of subtler spirits,
Then these vnfashion'd, and vncom'd rude swaine.

Lio. Yea and those Nations are farr sooner drawne
Till frivolous distractions then are these.
For oft we see, the grosse doe manage things,
Farr better then the suble, cunning brings

Arcadia.

Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.
Al. Yes and I doubt not whilst there shalbe found
Fantasticke puling wenches in the world,
But I shall flourish, and live iollily,
For such as I by women must begin
To gaine a name, and reputation winne.
Which when we haue attained to, you know then
How easily the women draw on men.

Lin. Nor do I doubt but I shall likewise live;
And thrive, where ever I shall plant my selfe;
For I haue all those helps my selfe requires,
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,
A Clamorous voyce, and an audacious face,
And I can cite the law to oppugne the law,
And make the glosse to overthrow the text
I can alledge, and vouch authoritie,
T imbroyle th' intent, and sense of equitie;
Besides by hauing bene a Notarie,
And vs'd to frame litigious instruments
And leave advantages for subtilty,
And strife to worke on, I can so deuise
That there shalbe no writing made so sure
But it shall yeeld occasion to contest
At any time when men shall thinke it best,
Nor be thou checker with this *Pistophanes*,
That at thy first appearing thou art thus
Discou'red here, thou shalt along with vs,
And take thy fortune too, as well as we.

Pis. Tush *Linus* this cannot discourage me,
For we that trafficke with credulity,
And with opinion, still shall cherishe bee.
But here your error was to enter first
And be before me, for you should haue let
Me made the way, that I might haue dislinke
That chayne of Zeale that holds in amitie,
And calld vp doubt in their establishments.

The Queenes Arcadia.

Which would have made you such an easy way to no
As that you might have brought in what you would,
Vpon their shaken and disceatred mindes,
For our profession any thing refutes,
And all's vnsettled wherens faith disputes.
Mel. Now what a muttering keepe you there, away
Be gone I say, and best too, whilst you may.
And since we have redem'd our selues so well
Out of the hands of mischief, let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,
Which neuer more remaynes, as it begun.
But is a wicked fire, a far worse sonne,
And stayes not till it makes vs slaves vnto
(That vniuersall Tyrant of the earth,
Custome) who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our selues, reads that great charter too
Of nature, and would likewise cancell
And so in chaynes our iudgements, and discourses
Vnto the present vnto, that we
Must all our senses there vnto refer,
Be as we finde our selues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reason then the nations of the times
And place wherein we live, and being our selues
Corrupted, and abasardized thus
Thinke all looks ill, that doth not look like vs,
And therefore let vs recollect our selues
Dispers'd into these strange confused ill,
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were.

In manners and in habit as we were,
And so solemnize this our happie day
Of redemption, with other leaues of joy.



FINIS.

